THE SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN

Julia A. Moore

The Sweet Singer of Michigan

POEMS BY
MRS. JULIA A. MOORE

Edited
and with an Introduction
by
WALTER BLAIR

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INTRODUCTION

BECAUSE 1876 marked the hundredth anniversary of American independence, in that year a group of patriotic Philadelphians erected some of the conventionally atrocious buildings used for expositions, jammed them full of sundry displays, and announced the Centennial. The nine million visitors who thronged the grounds were delighted with the sight of machines and their products and with the sound of florid patriotic songs and spread eagle oratory. The point made by most of the perspiring orators was that the United States was a very fine country.

Yet many a citizen would have been pleased to admit, even in that jubilant hour, that America had several things of which to be ashamed. Citizens might not have agreed on details, but the general conclusion of most Americans would have been that something was wrong. People were still talking of "Boss" Tweed and the Fisk-Gould fracas. Jesse James was still at large, and so was Brigham Young; the God-fearing folk of the seventies were inclined to class both heroes together and to suggest, in cracker box conclaves, that each should be hung. There had been a riot in Hamburg. Custer's gallant band had been massacred in a woeful fashion by the Indians, and the noble red men,

having escaped to Canada, looked across the border and derisively thumbed their noses at the United States. Another matter for indignant discussion was the championing of an American poet by a group of English literary men, who claimed that he was ill and in need. But the man, as several critics pointed out, was a rank fake. His name was Walt Whitman.

Furthermore, marching clubs, led in torchlit night parades by brass bands, shouted to the world that if Rutherford B. Hayes was elected President the nation would be as badly off as it had been under Grant, or (in case the marchers happened to be Republicans) that Samuel Jones Tilden's election would blot out the results of the Civil War and put the Ku Klux Klan into power. Another party, the Greenbackers, was sure that either Hayes or Tilden would send the nation to the dogs. Their leader, Peter Cooper, after making a fortune in iron and glue, had decided to save the poor people by becoming President. Later, Tilden was to be jockeyed out of the Presidency by political hokus pokus.

To add to the general uneasiness, a Prohibition Reform Party had been started, and in Ohio, a number of determined women were entering saloons and embarassing bartenders and bibbers by praying earn-

estly with them. The custom, it was feared, might spread.

It was a climactic year of the period Mr. Seitz has felicitously styled "the Dreadful Decade." The age called for a singer, and a worthy lyricist responded, lifting a voice in praise of the Centennial, the Temperance Movement, Peter Cooper, the Chicago fire, George Washington, the Civil War, and other timely topics. The nation listened to her solemn songs—and doubled up with laughter. In the person of Julia A. Moore, the Dreadful Decade found its poet laureate.

Her rise to fame was sudden. She had been born Julia A. Davis, in Plainfield, Michigan, in 1847. Three other children had followed her, two sisters and a brother. Because her mother was an invalid, Julia had the task of managing the family, a task which became a harder one when, in 1857, the family moved to a hundred acre farm near Algoma. Still, the young woman had time to attend school, some two miles from the farm, about half the time, and to write songs which she proudly described as "sentimental." The deaths of neighbors, stories she read in her histories and in newspapers, heroic gossip of Civil War deeds, and her own happy memories supplied her with subjects. The year 1876 found her married to a farmer

named Moore, living humbly in a plain farm house near Edgerton, about to embark on the task of rearing a family of her own. More significant, from the standpoint of American literary history, was the fact that the year also found her preparing to issue, in honor of the nation's Centennial, a volume of her poems, the first book from the pen of "The Sweet Singer of Michigan."

In due time, the book issued from the press, modestly bound in paper covers, and adorned, more or less, with an engraving of the countenance of the author. The publisher, J. F. Ryder, of Cleveland, Ohio, sent copies to reviewers, accompanied by letters which said:

Dear Sir—Having been honored by the gifted lady of Michigan, in being entrusted with the publication of her poems, I give myself the pleasure of handing you a copy of the same, with my respectful compliments.

It will prove a health lift to the overtaxed brain; it *may* divert the despondent from suicide. It should enable the reader to forget the "stringency," and guide the thoughts into pleasanter channels . . . It *must* be productive of good to humanity.

If you have the good of your fellow creatures at heart, and would contribute your mite towards putting them in the way to finding this little volume, the thanks of a grateful people (including authoress and publisher) would be yours.

If a sufficient success should attend the sale of this work, it would be our purpose to complete the Washington monument.

The critics read, marvelled, and wrote reviews which either frankly asserted that the book was a milepost in the history of bad poetry or which ironically praised the work as a masterpiece. One who reads the reviews finds them almost as pleasing as the book itself, for they are typical compositions of a school of rough American humor which began to come to fruition in 1876 when Mark Twain published Tom Sawyer. They made the most of the appearance of the engraving of the author. Bill Nye, starting his newspaper career in Wyoming, wrote:

. . . the Muse was getting in its work . . . even while Julia was a little nut-brown maid trudging along to school with bare feet that looked like the back of a warty toad. In my visions I see her now standing in front of her teacher's desk, soaking the first three joints of her thumb in her rosebud mouth, and trying to work her off toe into a knothole in the floor, while outside, the turtle-dove and the masculine Michigan mule softly coo to their mates.

A portrait of the author appears . . . There are lines of care about the mouth—that is, part way . . . Lines of care will do anything . . . reasonable, but they can't reach around the North Park without getting fatigued. These lines look . . . as though the author had lost a good deal of sleep trying to

compose obituary poems. The brow is slightly drawn, too, as though her corns might be hurting her. Julia wears her hair plain, like Alfred Tennyson and Sitting Bull. It hangs down her back in perfect abandon and wild profusion, shedding bear's oil over the collar of her delaine dress, regardless of expense.

Having disposed of the author's body, they turned to her poems, and wrote with wild enthusiasm. Said the *Rochester Democrat* of the book, "Shakespeare, could he read it, would be glad that he was dead . . . If Julia A. Moore would kindly deign to shed some of her poetry on our humble grave, we should be but too glad to go out and shoot ourselves tomorrow." *The Chicago Tribune* asserted: "Mrs. Moore's fame . . . will live as it deserves in the memories of men. Joaquin Miller can hardly survive the test of competition." *The Hartford Daily Times* ejaculated: "To meet such steady and unremitting demands on the lachrymal ducts one must be provided, as Sam Weller suspected Job Trotter was, 'with a main, as is allus let on.' . . . We believe in the Sweet Singer of Michigan. To this author, manifestly all things are possible." *The Danbury News* pointed out that "each page" of this book "is a coal of fire on the altar of poesy." The author, said *The Connecticut Post,* had "presented a collection the like of which has never tested

the strength of type before . . . well calculated to lift the broken heart, though unmercifully shattered; rare food for the lunatic . . . " The *Post* critic offered some ingenious hypotheses concerning some of the author's cryptic lines. *The Pittsburg Telegraph* called Mrs. Moore the Great American Poet and tried to insult her by putting her in the same class with Walt Whitman. In the opinion of a writer on *The Worcester Daily Press* the poet was one "who reaches for the sympathy of humanity as a Rhode Islander reaches for a quahaug, clutches the tendrils of the soul as a garden rake clutches a hop vine, and hauls the reader into a closer sympathy than that which exists between a man and his undershirt."

From coast to coast, newspapers printed long reviews in which the comic men used Mrs. Moore's poems as springboards. The humorists were well qualified for their task of publicity. Be it said to their credit that, almost without exception, they saw the joke involved and cheerily passed it on with the solemn manners of a literary Charlie Chaplin. And each quoted many of the choicest lines in the songs. As a result, in 1878, when the author published a few new poems she was able to preface them with seventy-four pages of notices such as the above, which she

apparently believed commendatory, and to assert of the book that, "Although some of the newspapers speak against it, its sale has steadily progressed. Thanks to the Editors that has spoken in favor of my writings; may they ever be successful . . . The Editors that has spoken in a scandalous manner, have went beyond reason . . ."

Thanks, indeed, to these editors the work passed, apparently, through three editions, all of which sold well. *The Sweet Singer of Michigan Salutes the Public,* as it was first styled, or *The Sentimental Song Book,* as it was later known, was one of the poetic "best sellers" of the time. When, however, in 1878, a new work, called *A Few Words to the Public With New and Original Poems by Julia A. Moore,* fluttered in its paper covers from the presses, the rage was over, and this defense of Mrs. Moore and this new collection of excellent poems apparently did not find the market they deserved. At any rate, she seems to have published no more poetry. The author, like Herman Melville, lapsed into a long period of silence, broken only in her last years when she published *Sunshine and Shadow,* a romance of the Revolution, in 1915. And when Mrs. Moore died at her home near Manton, Michigan, in June, 1920, so thoroughly was she for-

gotten that her death created hardly a stir; even the *World Almanac,* which did not hesitate to record the death of "the world's heaviest woman," had nothing to say of the end of the life of the Sweet Singer of Michigan.

As anyone who gazes through the pages which follow can see with half an eye, Mrs. Moore deserved a better fate. It was to save her from the clutch of unwarranted oblivion that this book, which represents an attempt to collect all of her published poems, was prepared. Read without any thought of their historical setting, her songs endure the test of true literature by charming the reader. Considered against the background which made them possible, they present an interesting and vivid picture of a forgotten period in America's past.

One who wishes to know what the common Americans were singing at that time will find excellent hints in the tunes assigned for the musical rendition of many of Mrs. Moore's songs. John Robinson dies quite gracefully to the air of "The Drunkard;" the Page boys march to war and back to the tune of 'The Fierce Discharge;" Grand Rapids is celebrated to the music of "Bright Alfaretta;" and the Temperance Reform Clubs carry on their glorious work in accompaniment

to the dubious tune "Perhaps." "Three Grains of Corn," "The Major's Only Son," "The Texas Rangers" and many another favorite were embellished by Julia's words. In many a song, the influence of the Irish "Come All Ye" is very evident; this type of music probably inspired two of the Singer's most famous lines:

> Come all good people, far and near,
> Oh, come and see what you can hear.

But the creations serve a still more important purpose: they show what the people of Mrs. Moore's heyday were thinking. References to contemporary events and especially to contemporary attitudes bathe in light the psychology of the seventies.

One notes a patriotism in this post-Civil War period which is astonishing to us of this present jaded after-the-war period. There is a rejoicing in the sufferings of war-time heroes which is almost fiendish; there is a celebration of the Centennial which contrasts strikingly with the recent half-hearted celebration of the Sesqui-centennial of the self-same nation, grown a little old and very fat. And the popular heroes of the period seem rather queer. The enthusiasm for cricket players and for George Washington we can under-

stand; but the high-flown praise of Peter Cooper, Lord Byron, and Andrew Jackson daze us a little, especially as we note there is not a word of eulogy for Abraham Lincoln. We are reminded of the shock the nation sustained when it heard of the Ashtabula disaster, of the yellow fever plague in the South, of the Chicago fire, now dimly remembered. When the author takes a few cracks at the styles, we are on firmer ground, and the infrequent love songs make us feel quite at home. For the most part, however, the poems transfer us to a strange land which we can hardly recognize as our own. And of all the songs, the most frequent type of all seems the strangest: we are astounded and amused at the predominance of poems which treat the subject of death as if it were a delightful topic.

Yet of all the poems in the works of Mrs. Moore, these very obituary lyrics are the best mirror of contemporary psychology.

"In the early forties," says Miss E. M. Rourke, in *Trumpets of Jubilee,* "the thought of death was breaking through into verse and hymns and common talk—not as mystery or as terror . . . but as drifting ease and escape. The new generation was floating on flowery beds of ease in happy anticipation, or seeking distant far-flung shores . . . as if present burdens

were too heavy." Hence it was that Poe's songs and dialogues on tender death, the songs of the marvellously terrible Chivers and of others of the American graveyard school won wide acclaim. Hence it was that Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the forties, wrote with evident self-satisfaction: "As for my health, it gives me little solicitude; although I am bad enough, and daily grow worse . . . It appears to me that I am not destined for a long life."

By the seventies, this joy in death had blossomed into common expression in delightful obituary poetry which flowered in newspapers large and small throughout the land. In 1870, Mark Twain wrote an article called "Post-Mortem Poetry," applauding the habit of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* of printing obituary poems with death notices. He said:

In Philadelphia, the departure of a child is a circumstance which is not more surely followed by a burial than by the accustomed solacing poetry in the *Public Ledger* . . . There is an element about some poetry which is able to make even physical suffering and death cheerful things to contemplate and consummations to be desired. The element is present in the mortuary poetry of the Philadelphia degree of development.

G. Washington Childs, A. M., it appears, was the Philadelphia exponent of obituary art; when *The*

Sweet Singer appeared, the *Hartford Daily Times* accused Childs of stealing inspiration from Mrs. Moore. In 1870, however, Mark Twain was able to quote an excellent obituary poem by M. A. Glaze, on the deaths of Samuel and Catharine Belknip's children, clipped, Clemens swore, from a country newspaper.

So typical was the love of death that when Clemens wrote *Huckleberry Finn,* he presented a picture of a girl who had been enamored of the subject, a daughter of Col. Grangerford. She made very dark pictures with such charming titles as "Shall I Never See Thee More Alas," with tombstones and weeping ladies for characters. And she amused herself by clipping "obituaries and accidents and cases of patient suffering" from the *Presbyterian Observer* and by writing poems of her own on death. Huck gives a specimen called "Ode to Stephen Dowling Bots, Dec'd," who fell into a well:

> They got him out and emptied him;
> Alas it was too late;
> His spirit was gone for to sport aloft
> In the realms of the good and great.

Common report has it that this poem was inspired by Mrs. Moore's poems, and in *Following the Equator*

Clemens confessed that *The Sweet Singer* had brought him joy for twenty years. The book, he holds, "has the same deep charm for me that the *Vicar of Wakefield* has, and I find in it the same subtle touch—the touch that makes an intentionally humorous episode pathetic and an intentionally pathetic one funny." But there is no reason to suppose that Mrs. Moore, any more than any other great mortuary songster of her day, was the direct inspiration. In *Following the Equator,* Mark Twain attributes to Mrs. Moore a hilarious poem of his own, which he quotes. But that, excellent parody though it is, is another matter.

One finds many reflections of the obituary craze in the humorous writings of the period. If American humor performed any task aside from amusing people—and of course it did, as students of the beginnings of local color know—it was no more persistent and no more helpful in any of its performances than it was in its work of burlesquing the most unhealthy features of the hot-house American literature popular from about 1830 to 1880. The obituary poetry was a wide target for the shafts of the humorists, and a number of excellent parodies were committed.

Some of the poems by Charles Heber Clark (Max Adeler), published in *Out of the Hurly-Burly,* in 1874,

for example, are first-rate. Clark told of an obituary writer hired by an editor who gave the following instructions:

Lighten the gloom. Do not mourn over the departed, but rather take a joyous view of death, which, after all, Mr. Slimmer, is, as it were, but the entrance to a better life . . . Touch the heart-strings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and endeavor, for instance, to divert their minds from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb . . . And at the same time combine elevated sentiment with such practical information as you can obtain from the advertisement. Throw a glamour of poesy, f'r instance, over the commonplace details of the everyday life of the deceased. People are fond of minute descriptions.

The description, be it noted, might well be applied to Mrs. Moore's songs of death. The obituary poet wrote best on the deaths of children. The death of the sheriff's daughter inspired this lay:

We have lost our little Hanner in a very painful manner,
And we often asked, How can her harsh sufferings be borne?
When her death was first reported, her aunt got up and snorted
With the grief that she supported, for it made her forlorn.
She was such a little seraph that her father, who is sheriff,

Really doesn't seem to care if he ne'er smiles in life
again.
She has gone, we hope, to heaven, at the early age of
seven
(Funeral starts off at eleven), where she'll nevermore
have pain.

The following lament on the death of Willie won national approval, and is still remembered by those who cherish good song:

Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick,
And when he sucked the paint all off it made him
deathly sick;
And in his latest hours he clasped that monkey in his
hand,
And bade good-bye to earth and went into a better land.

Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden
gun;
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail and make her
yowl, for fun.
The pussy's tail now stands out straight; the gun is laid
aside;
The monkey doesn't jump around since little Willie
died.

In 1880, Eugene Field wrote "The Little Peach," which is evidently a parody of the same sort of poetry. That the man chiefly remembered as the author of

"Little Boy Blue" should create such a biting satire on writing of the class to which his masterpiece belongs seems rather ironical; yet certainly "The Little Peach" is a telling parody:

A little peach in the orchard grew,—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet with the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing the orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,——
Boo hoo!

In 1882, Knox and Sweet, in *Sketches from Texas*

Siftings, made the parody even broader by writing a touching obituary on a roast turkey, and Bill Nye, in 1884, in *Forty Liars and Others Lies,* took a sardonic fling at the death-of-a-little-child school by writing extravagantly of "The Vacant Chair of a Little Child." One who reads much of Nye's work cannot help discovering that many of his finest passages are brightened by phraseology from current obituaries. These hits at the "literary" obituary stand as interesting indications of the unholy eminence obtained by this form of writing in the period of *The Sweet Singer.*

If Mrs. Moore's poetry indicates the literary subject matter and attitude of the seventies, her "A Few Choice Words to the Public" (printed as an appendix to this volume) are no less successful in their revelation of the popular literary philosophy. In Mrs. Moore's distinction between the poetry of the mind and poetry of the heart, we find a popularization of the romantic philosophy so gallantly espoused in England by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and their followers, and in America by the Transcendentalists. It was exactly the sort of an adaptation one would expect from average Americans, who memorized *Poor Richard's Almanac,* who were spurred to revolution by a pamphlet called *Common Sense,* and who always put kind-

ness of intention and natural philosophy above "book l'arning." When Simon Suggs said: "Well, mother-wit kin beat book-larnin' at any game! . . . As old Jed'diah used to say, book-larnin' spiles a man ef he's got mother-wit, and ef he ain't got that it don't do him no good"—he voiced an opinion which, as Mrs. Moore indicates, should have been generally accepted by the common folk of America.

So much for the historical value of Mrs. Moore's works. Great though this value is, the Sweet Singer's poems are not lyrics of the sort which stand only when propped against a historical background. They have charms which lift them, if need be, out of time and space. Their greatest charm, I believe, is their naivete. No one, evidently, ever suspected Mrs. Moore's poetry of being a hoax; no one ever should. In every line of her poetry and in every sentence of her critical prose, artlessness and ingenuousness are written in clear characters.

This quality of unaffected simplicity makes possible the child-like grammar, the youthful certainty, and the amazingly cheerful attitude of the poet in a world of deaths in smoking cars, demises caused by misguided pieces of roast beef, sad memories of youth that will "nevermore return again," Ashtabula dis-

asters, and Chicago fires. It makes possible the unconscious incongruities which led Samuel McChord Crothers to say, "I have read every poem of the Sweet Singer with delighted surprise."

Only a natural singer could compose the following lines:

> Many a man joined a club
> That never drank a drachm,
> Those noble men were kind and brave
> They do not care ....

and surprise everybody by writing, in place of the two words which every second-rate poet would use to end the stanza, the far more felicitous words, "for slang." Only a genius could sing of "Little Libbie" without a thought of a smile, could praise a cricket club with fitting pathos, could jestingly color the story of a sleigh which upset by the use of gruesome suggestion, could write, in short, the many poems which follow with a continuous sense of grandeur in humble things and great things alike. If these songs were only a little closer to the conventional modes of metre, rhyme, thought and expression they would not impress us at all. Touched, however, by the magic wand of genius, the novel works of this great poet cause readers to slump down in their chairs, hold their agitated and

aching sides, wipe tears from brimming eyes, and fill the air with the sounds of distinctly raucous laughter.

"Kind friends," said Mrs. Moore, in introducing her last great book, "All of you which peruse my work will find a great many things in this book to please you, especially the words I have took the time to say to the public. If all books could be read as I am sure you love to read this one, there might be less ignorance and crime in the world, and I would be well paid for the valuable time I have spent in doing good to mankind." To these words, I am sure, every reader will be glad to add a fervent "Amen." We talk a great deal about "our debt to posterity." It is high time for posterity to pay its debt to Julia A. Moore.

THE SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN

PREFACE

THIS little book is composed of truthful pieces. All those which speak of being killed, died or drowned, are truthful songs; others are "more truth than poetry." They are all composed by the author.

I was born in Plainfield, and lived there until I was ten years of age. Then my parents moved to Algoma, where they have lived until the present day, and I live near them, one mile west of Edgerton.

JULIA A. MOORE

THE AUTHOR'S EARLY LIFE

I will write a sketch of my early life,
It will be of childhood day,
And all who chance to read it,
No criticism, pray.
My childhood days were happy,
And it fills my heart with woe,
To muse o'er the days that have passed by
And the scenes of long ago.

In the days of my early childhood,
Kent county was quite wild,
Especially the towns I lived in
When I was a little child.
I will not speak of my birthplace,
For if you will only look
O'er the little poem, My Childhood Days,
That is in this little book.

I am not ashamed of my birthright,
Though it was of poor estate,
Many a poor person in our land
Has risen to be great.
My parents were poor, I know, kind friends,
But that is no disgrace;

They were honorable and respected
Throughout my native place.

My mother was an invalid,
And was for many a year,
And I being the eldest daughter
Her life I had to cheer.
I had two little sisters,
And a brother which made three,
And dear mother being sickly,
Their care it fell on me.

My parents moved to Algoma
Near twenty-three years ago,
And bought one hundred acres of land,
That's a good sized farm you know.
It was then a wilderness,
With tall forest trees abound,
And it was four miles from a village,
Or any other town.

And it was two miles from a schoolhouse,
That's the distance I had to go,
And how many times I traveled
Through summer suns and winter snow.
How well do I remember

Going to school many a morn,
Both in summer and in winter,
Through many a heavy storm.

My heart was gay and happy,
This was ever in my mind,
There is better times a coming,
And I hope some day to find
Myself capable of composing.
It was by heart's delight,
To compose on a sentimental subject
If it came in my mind just right.

If I went to school half the time,
It was all that I could do;
It seems very strange to me sometimes,
And it may seem strange to you.
It was natural for me to compose,
And put words into rhyme,
And the success of my first work
Is this little song book of mine.

My childhood days have passed and gone,
And it fills my heart with pain
To think that youth will nevermore
Return to me again.

And now kind friends, what I have wrote,
I hope you will pass o'er,
And not criticise as some have done,
Hitherto herebefore

CENTENNIAL

Come all ye friends of Liberty,
  Who love our good old nation,
Let hands and hearts united be,
  And beat the wide creation.
For this is our Centennial year,
  The birthday of our nation;
For it is just one hundred years
  That's stood our good old nation.

CHORUS:

  Centennial! Centennial!
    Hurrah to the Centennial;
  And many, many people gone
    To our national Centennial.

To Philadelphia people went,
  And more was sure to go, sir;
They say there was things to be seen
  Of a hundred years ago, sir.
Come all ye sons of liberty,
  That love our good old nation,
Unite and keep our country free,
  And the stars and stripes a waving.

The revolutionary war was fought
To gain our independence,
That we a nation great may be,
Both free and independent.
They fought the British, far and near,
For freedom, and they gained it—
In Centennial years of Jubilee,
Let Columbia's sons maintain it.

JOHN ROBINSON

AIR—*"The Drunkard"*

Come listen, friends, and hear a song,
It is a doleful one,
About a young man, dead and gone—
He died far away from home.
John Robinson this young man's name,
His age I cannot tell,
And he was loved by all his friends,
And he was known full well.

His father and mother being dead,
It left him an orphan boy,
When he was with his brother
His health failed him, poor boy.
Kind friends they thought 'twould do him good
To travel for his health;
To California he did go
With his Uncle Zera French.

He was not gone but a short time
When a letter his friends received;
It told how homesick Johnny was,
How he for home did grieve.
It said that he was getting worse,

And his money was nearly gone,
And if he did not soon return
Never more would he see home.

It said, "Dear Brother, will you please
Some money to me send,
For I fear I have not got enough
To bring me back again.
The doctor says I must soon return,
If I wish my home to see,
For if I stay my life is short,
For the air disagrees with me."

His brother Will the letter read,
It made his eyes grow dim.
"Dear brother, he shall soon return,
For I will go and fetch him."
This brother dear was very kind;
With money, he went with haste
For to bring him home again,
But Oh! he went too late.

For he was sick, and very bad—
Poor boy, he thought, no doubt,
If he came home in a smoking car
His money would hold out.

He started to come back alone—
He came one-third the way—
One evening in the car alone
His spirit fled away.

No friend was near to speak to him,
Or hear his dying moan;
How sad, how sad it must have been
To die there all alone;
No loving friends to soothe his brow,
Or ease his weary form;
Poor soul, poor soul is now at rest,
For his soul to heaven has gone.

Telegraph dispatch was sent his friends—
How sad were they to hear—
How their loved one died all alone,
In a car with no one near.
The brother brought his body home
To his friends that loved him best.
He's sleeping in their grave yard now
Let peace be e'er his rest.

THE BRAVE PAGE BOYS

AIR—*"The Fierce Discharge"*

In the late rebellion war,
Grand Rapids did send out
As brave and noble volunteers
As ever went down south:
Among them were the brave Page boys—
Five brothers there were in all;
They enlisted and went down south,
To obey their country's call.

John S. Page was the eldest son—
He went down south afar,
And enlisted in the Mechanics,
And served his time in the war.
Fernando Page the second son;
Served in the Infantry;
He was wounded, lost both his feet
On duty at Yorktown siege.

Charles F. Page was a noble son—
In sixty-four did enlist,
And in the same year he was killed
In the fight of the Wilderness.

This brave boy was carrying the flag,
To cheer his comrades on.
He fought in the Eight Infantry;
Now he, brave boy, is gone.

'Tis said of this brave soldier boy—
'Twas just before he died—
Stood the flag standard in the ground,
Laid down by it and died.
The friends that loved this noble boy,
How sad were they to hear
Of his death on a battle field;
His age was twenty years.

James B. Page was a fine young man—
He went in the artillery;
He served his time with all the rest,
To keep his country free.
Enos Page the youngest brother—
Made five sons in one family,
Went from Grand Rapids, here.
His age was fourteen years—

When Enos Page went from his home,
He was only a boy, you know;
He stole away from his mother dear,

For he was bound to go.
She followed him to the barracks twice,
And took him home again;
She found it was no use—at last
With friends let him remain.

In Eight Michigan Cavalry
This boy he did enlist;
His life was almost despaired of,
On account of numerous fits,
Caused by drinking water poisoned—
Effects cannot outgrow;
In northern Alabama, I hear,
There came this dreadful blow.

How joyful were the parents of
Those noble soldier boys,
There was one missing of the five,
When they returned from war.
The one that carried the Union flag
Lies in a Southern grave,
The other brothers came back home
To Grand Rapids, their native place.

GRAND RAPIDS

AIR—*"Bright Alfaretta"*

Wild roved the Indians once
On the banks of Grand River,
And they built their little huts
Down by that flowing river.
In a pleasant valley fair,
Where flows the river rapid,
An Indian village once was there,
Where now stands Grand Rapids.

Indian girls and boys were seen,
With their bow and quiver,
Riding in their light canoes
Up and down the river.
Their hearts were full of joy,
Happy voices singing
Made music with forest birds,
They kept the valley ringing.

Indians have left and gone
Beyond the Mississippi.
They called the river Owashtenong
Where stands this pleasant city.

Louis Campau the first white man
Bought land in Grand Rapids.
He lived and died, an honored man
By people of Grand Rapids.

When Campau came to the valley
No bridge was across the river;
Indians in their light canoes
Rowed them o'er the water.
Railroads now from every way
Run through the city, Grand Rapids;
The largest town in west Michigan
Is the city of Grand Rapids.

TEMPERANCE REFORM CLUBS

AIR—*"Perhaps"*

Some enterprising people,
In our cities and towns,
Have gone to organizing clubs
Of men that's fallen down;
In estimation fallen low—
Now they may rise again,
And be respected citizens
Throughout our native land.

CHORUS:

The temperance reform club,
Forever may it stand,
And everyone that loves strong drink
Pray, join it heart and hand.
Then many a home will be bright,
And many a heart made glad,
It will be the greatest blessing
This nation ever had.

Manufacturers of strong drink
Can find better employ,
Than bring to ruin poor families,

And thousand souls destroy,
Likewise proprietors of saloons
Lose many a customer;
Those men now rather stay at home,
That place they now prefer.

Chorus—

Don't be ashamed to wear your badge
Of ribbon on your breast,
It shows you've joined the club to be
A man among the rest.
Your kindred friends will love to see
You honored, sober man,
And all the friends that wish you well
Will help you if they can.

Chorus—

Perhaps you have a mother,
Likewise a sister, too;
Perhaps you have a sweetheart
That thinks the most of you.
Perhaps you have a loving wife,
And little ones at home,

Their hearts rejoice to see that you
Can let strong drink alone.

Chorus—

Many a man joined the club
That never drank a drachm,
Those noble men were kind and brave
They care not for the slang—
The slang they meet on every side:
"You're a reform drunkard, too;
You've joined the red ribbon brigade,
Among the drunkard crew."

Chorus—

It shows their hearts were very kind,
They wish to save poor souls
That loved the intoxication cup,
That signed the temperance roll.
Dear friends, ever keep rolling
The work you have begun,
Those noble men will not repent,
I hope, throughout our land.

Chorus—

Dr. Reynolds is a noble man,
He has worked hard to save
Some people in our cities and towns,
From out a drunkard's grave.
There is other men to help him now,
He lectures not alone
Many a heart that blesses them
From out now happy homes.

HIRAM HELSEL

Air—"Three Grains of Corn"

Once was a boy, age fifteen years,
  Hiram Helsel was his name,
And he was sick two years or so;
  He has left this world of pain;
His friends they miss this lovely boy,
  That was patient, kind and brave.
He left them all for him to mourn—
  He is sleeping in his grave.

He was a small boy of his age,
  When he was five years or so
Was shocked by lightning while to play
  And it caused him not to grow,
He was called little Hi. Helsel
  By all friends that knew him well—
His life was sad, as you shall hear,
  And the truth to you I'll tell.

His parents parted when he was small,
  And both are married again.
How sad it was for them to meet
  And view his last remains.

He was living with his father then,
As many a friend can tell;
'Tis said his father's second wife
That she did not use him well.

Just before little Hiram died—
His uncle and aunt were there—
He kissed them both—bid them farewell,
They left him with a prayer.
Now he is gone, Oh! let him rest;
His soul has found a haven,
For grief and woe ne'er enters there,
In that place called heaven.

BEAUTIFUL TWENTY-SECOND

To Original Music

The people in this nation,
Have kept for many years,
February twenty-second,
That day we love it dear.
It's our forefather's birthday,
Brave, noble Washington;
And may we ever keep it,
Through all the years to come.

CHORUS:

Beautiful twenty-second,
Beautiful twenty-second,
May the people ever keep it,
Beautiful twenty-second.

One of the constitution builders,
Was that brave, noble man,
He fought under that dear flag
That's loved throughout our land.
He went through many battles,
He fought for liberty,

That this glorious republic
A nation great may be.

Chorus—

Oh, keep the twenty-second,
In honor to his name,
Who fought to gain our freedom
From England's British chains.
Now he is sweetly sleeping,
Brave, noble Washington,
May the people not forget him,
Columbia's noblest son.

WILLIAM UPSON

AIR—*"The Major's Only Son"*

Come all good people, far and near,
Oh, come and see what you can hear,
It's of a young man, true and brave,
Who is now sleeping in his grave.

Now, William Upson was his name—
If it's not that it's all the same—
He did enlist in the cruel strife,
And it caused him to lose his life.

He was Jesse Upson's eldest son,
His father loved his noble son;
This son was nineteen years of age,
In the rebellion he engaged.

His father said that he might go,
But his dear mother she said no.
"Stay at home, dear Billy," she said,
But oh, she could not turn his head.

For go he would, and go he did—
He would not do as his mother bid,
For he went away down South, there
Where he could not have his mother's care.

He went to Nashville, Tennessee,
There his kind friends he could not see;
He died among strangers, far away,
They knew not where his body lay.

He was taken sick and lived four weeks,
And oh, how his parents weep,
But now they must in sorrow mourn,
Billy has gone to his heaven home.

If his mother could have seen her son,
For she loved him, her darling one,
If she could heard his dying prayer,
It would ease her heart till she met him there.

It would relieved his mother's heart,
To have seen her son from this world depart,
And hear his noble words of love,
As he left this world for that above.

It will relieve his mother's heart,
That her son is laid in our grave yard;
Now she knows that his grave is near,
She will not shed so many tears.

She knows not that it was her son,
His coffin could not be opened—

It might be some one in his place,
For she could not see his noble face.

He enrolled in eighteen sixty-three,
The next day after Christmas eve;
He died in eighteen sixty-four,
Twenty-third of March, as I was told.

DEAR LOVE, DO YOU REMEMBER?

Dearest one, do you remember,
As we sat side by side,
How you told me that you loved me,
Asked me to be your bride.
And you told me we'd be happy,
Through all the years to come,
If we ever would prove faithful,
As in the days when we were young.

Oh! how well do I remember,
The kind and loving words,
And now as I sat dreaming,
The thoughts my memory stirs.
But the days have passed before me,
And the scenes of long ago,
But I can never forget the
Days that have passed o'er.

Oh! how clearly I remember
The days when we were young,
How we would tell to each other
Of happy times to come,
And as we would sit together,
That dear loved one and I,

DEAR LOVE, DO YOU REMEMBER?

Oh, sat dreaming of the future,
And childhood days gone by.

Dearest love, do you remember
The first time that we met—
Our youthful days have gone, love,
I hope you love me yet,
Now we are growing old, love,
Our heads will soon be gray,
May we ever love each other
Till from earth we pass away.

HURRAH FOR COOPER AND CARY

AIR—*"Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys"*

We will rally in the city,
  We will gather from the farms,
Shouting equalization,
  Greenbacks a legal tender,
Then the poor will get along,
  The poor that dwell throughout our nation.

CHORUS:

Three cheers for Cooper and Cary,
    Hurrah, boys, hurrah;
Three cheers for our nation,
  In peace and in war;
If it were not for our laboring men,
  What would our nation do—
Take this in consideration.

It is now one hundred years,
  Or just one century,
Stood grand this good old nation,
  And our forefathers fought
That we may not be a slave—
  A slave to the monarchy of England.

Revolutionary war was fought
With the British, this we hear,
To make this an independent nation;
We, the independent men,
We will not be a slave,
To bond-holders in our nation.

The Republicans are for gold,
And the nation as it is;
Take this in consideration.
In eighteen seventy-nine
Taxes must be paid in gold,
If Hayes and Wheeler gain election.

The Democrats are for gold,
Reform and economy;
What better off will be our nation,
If Tilden and Hendricks,
If they gain the day—
Poor people will come to starvation.

Come, freeman, now arise,
Put your shoulder to the wheel
This Presidential election;
Vote for an independent man,

One in favor of greenbacks,
In this great financial question.

Three cheers for Cooper and Cary,
May they keep marching on—
Marching with God upon the right, boys,
May they conquer o'er their foes
And the cursed money rings—
Right will yet conquer might, boys.

MY INFANT DAYS

AIR—*"The Rain upon the Roof"*

When I was a little infant,
And I lay in mother's arms,
Then I felt the gentle pressure
Of a loving mother's arms.
"Go to sleep my little baby,
Go to sleep," mamma would say;
"Oh, will not my little lady
Go to sleep for ma to-day."

Oh! my parents loved me dearly,
For I was their eldest born,
And they always called me Julia
In a mild and loving form.
My parents will not forget me,
Though I married and left their home,
For they can remember clearly
How with them I once did roam.

Oh! my mother, how I love her,
Though her head is growing gray,
For in fancy I can see her
Bending o'er me night and day,
As she did when I was little,

Watching me in sleep and play—
Mother now is growing feeble,
Now I will her love repay.

Oh! my father, how I love him,
For he has worked hard for me,
For to earn my food and clothing,
In my little infancy.
And oh, I will not forget him,
While on earth I do remain—
May the God of heaven bless him
In this world of grief and pain.

ROLL ON TIME, ROLL ON

AIR—*"Roll on, Silver Moon."*

Roll on time, roll on, as it always has done,
Since the time this world first begun;
It can never change my love that I gave a dear man,
Faithful friend, I gave my heart and hand.

CHORUS:

Roll on time, roll on, it can never turn back
To the time of my maiden days—
To the time of my youth it can never turn back
When I wandered with my love, bright and gay.

I was happy then as a girl could ever be,
And live on this earth here below—
I was happy as a lark and as busy as a bee,
For in fashion or in style I did not go.

My parents were poor and they could not dress me so,
For they had not got the money to spare,
And it may be better so, for I do not think fine clothes
Make a person any better than they are.

Some people are getting so they think a poor girl,
Though she be bright and intelligent and gay,

She must have nice clothes, or she is nothing in this
world,
If she is not dressed in style every day.

Remember never to judge people by their clothes,
For our brave, noble Washington said,
"Honorable are rags, if a true heart they enclose,"
And I found it was the truth when I married.

MINNIE'S DEPARTURE

AIR—*"Mount Vernon"*

Dearest Minnie, she has left us,
In this world of grief and woe,
But 'tis God that has bereft us,
He called her little soul to go.

Minnie's gone to dwell in heaven,
Where bright little angels reign.
Her little soul has reached a haven
Where there is no grief and pain.

God will bless his little treasurers,
One by one, that come to Him;
Though she has left this world forever,
We will put our trust in Him.

Oh! we loved our little dear one,
It's no human tongue can tell—
God has called her to come to him,
Yet he doeth all things well.

Oh! 'twas hard for us to leave her
In her little grave so low—
Leave that little silent sleeper,
But 'tis there we all must go.

Oh! we miss our little treasure,
And her loss we deeply feel—
When we think she's gone forever,
Tears there from our eyes will steal.

LOIS HOUSE

AIR—*"Saphrona's Farewell"*

Come all ye young people of every degree,
Come give your attention one moment to me;
It's of a young couple I now will relate,
And of their misfortunes and of their sad fate.

One was a young damsel, both blooming and fair,
The other a young man, his beauty was rare;
He loved this lady as he loved his own life—
If God had not called her he would made her his wife.

He courted her a long time in triumph and glee,
But little did he think that she would soon leave,
Leave him in sorrow, forsaken, alone,
To mourn her departure, for she was going home:

Going home to her Father, that dwelleth on high,
Who gave her her life and who caused her to die,
And leave her true lover, one whom she could trust,
To moulder her fair form a while in the dust.

Lois House and Joy Morris were their names, I believe,
They loved each other dearly and never deceived,
But God he did part them, one which he laid low,
The other He left with his heart full of woe.

Joy laid her dying head on his bosom once more,
Pressed her to his heart as he had oft done before,
Saying, "Dear Lois, are you going to leave me?"
"Yes, Joy, I can no longer stay here with thee!"

"Oh! Joy, can't you give me up, dearest," said she;
"If you will say yes, love, I can leave in peace;
In heaven, love, I will be waiting for thee—
Be true to our Savior—you'll soon follow me."

"If I must say yes, love, for you to leave me—
God will do better by you, Lois, than me;
Oh! it's hard for me, dearest, hard to say yes,
It leaves me alone, love, in sad woefulness."

"I want your picture, Joy, placed in my cold hand,
And let it be buried with me in the ground;
It's all I can carry with me to the grave—
Grant it to me, love, it's all that I crave."

They called for her father and mother most dear,
She kissed them and bade them farewell thro' their tears;
They called for her brother and sisters again,
To kiss their sister while life still remain.

"One kiss from you, Joy," she whispered so low,
That no one in the room heard her, you know;
She gasped for her breath once or twice more,
When lo! her spirit left her, and Lois is no more.

They placed her fair form in the coffin so cold,
And placed there Joy's picture as they had been told;
They bore her to her grave, all were in sad gloom,
And gently laid her down to rest in her tomb.

THE BRAVE VOLUNTEER

At the time of the rebellion
Between the north and south,
Many a noble volunteer
Kent county did send out.
Among them was Chyler Davis,
He hailed from Oakfield town,
He enlisted in the service,
His native land to shield.

This brave and noble volunteer,
He left his home and friends,
For he dearly loved his country,
He went from Michigan.
Not thinking when he went down south,
The Federal ranks to fill,
That he would lay in prisons,
Belle Isle to Andersonville.

In prison cells lamenting,
For seventeen months he lay,
Thinking of the dear ones
At home so far away.
He lay in prison suffering,
No friend to hear him moan,

A living, walking skeleton,
  He was when he came home.

He was discharged in Kansas,
  The place called Fort Leavenworth,
And he did return to Oakfield,
  The place he first went forth.
How joyful were his parents
  When they saw their then lost one;
The God of heaven was merciful
  To let return their son.

LITTLE ANDREW

AIR—*"Gypsy's Warning"*

Andrew was a little infant,
And his life was two years old;
He was his parents' eldest boy,
And he was drowned, I was told.
His parents never more can see him
In this world of grief and pain,
And Oh! they will not forget him
While on earth they do remain.

On one bright and pleasant morning
His uncle thought it would be nice
To take his dear little nephew
Down to play upon a raft,
Where he was to work upon it,
An this little child would company be—
The raft the water rushed around it,
Yet he the danger did not see.

This little child knew no danger—
Its little soul was free from sin—
He was looking in the water,
When, alas, this child fell in.
Beneath the raft the water took him,

For the current was so strong,
And before they could rescue him
He was drowned and was gone.

Oh! how sad were his kind parents
When they saw their drowned child,
As they brought him from the water,
It almost made their hearts grow wild.
Oh! how mournful was the parting
From that little infant son.
Friends, I pray you, all take warning,
Be careful of your little ones.

WILLIAM HOUSE AND FAMILY

Come all kind friends, both far and near,
Come listen to me and you shall hear—
It's of a family and their fate,
All about them I will relate.

They once did live at Edgerton,
They once did live at Muskegon,
From there they went to Chicago,
Which proved their fatal overthrow.

It was William House's family,
As fine a family as you see—
His family was eleven in all,
I do not think it was very small.

Two children died some years ago,
Before they went to Chicago,
Five children there he had with him,
When death his home there enters in.

The small-pox then was raging there,
And Oh! it would not their house spare,
For all but one was sick of them,
A dreadful house it must have been.

The eldest girl was married then,
The eldest boy was in Michigan,
The second boy he was at home,
And took care of them all alone.

His father and his mother dear,
And dear sister, too, I hear,
Were very sick and in his care,
And no kind friends to help him there:

Two little brothers, and a baby too,
Made six in all—what could he do,
He had to take care of them all,
The baby, too, was very small.

As he would go to his father's bed,
And try to soothe his aching head,
"My son, I pray you leave me, do
Go take care of poor mother, too."

"Your mother and sister need your care,
And your little infant brother there;
Oh! Charlie, Charlie, take care of them,
My son, do all for them you can."

It seemed as though he did not know
That his poor soul so soon must go,

And leave his little ones he loved,
To go to that bright world above.

But God he called his soul away,
It had to leave, it could not stay—
He never more on earth will be,
His soul is from sin and sorrow free.

Charles helped the sexton, I am told,
To lay his form in the coffin cold—
How sad, how sad, poor soul was he,
When last his father's form did see.

Minnie May House she had to go,
And leave her friends that loved her so—
She was a girl in her teens,
A lovely flower as e'er was seen.

Minnie and her mother lay on one bed,
And when Charles said, "our Minnie is dead,"
His mother then she did grow wild,
And early after knew her child.

They buried Minnie by her father's side,
And left them there where they had died—
Charles took his mother and brothers then
And brought them back to Michigan.

For the mother and the baby too,
Kind friends did all that they could do,
But those poor souls they could not save,
For now they're sleeping in their grave.

Oh! what a noble son was he,
His age was then only sixteen—
Charles House's name I have told before
God bless his soul forever more.

THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND

Come all kind, good people,
With sympathizing hearts,
Come listen to a few kind words
A friend to you imparts.
Be kind to an orphan child,
And always be its friend,
You will be happy in this world,
And will be to the end.

Be kind to the motherless,
Little motherless ones,
For God will forever bless
You in this world to come.
No kind and loving mother
To soothe their little brow,
Be kind to them always, friends,
They have no mother now.

Be kind to the fatherless,
Wherever you may find
One little one that is friendless,
I pray you all be kind.
For it has no loving father,
To speak with mild reproof,

Or guide its youthful footsteps
In honesty and truth.

Be kind to the little orphans,
They have no parents dear;
Be kind to the little orphans,
Speak to them words of cheer,
Then they will always love you
For kind and gentle words,
Then God will ever bless you,
For He says so in His word.

THE TWO BRAVE SOLDIERS

AIR—*"The Texas Rangers"*

My friends, I pray you listen,
A story I will tell;
It's of two noble soldiers,
And they were known full well;
They were killed in the rebellion,
As you shall plainly hear,
Those brave and noble soldiers,
No danger did they fear.

They enlisted in Grand Rapids,
In eighteen and sixty-two,
'Twas in the month of August,
About the middle, too;
These two brave, noble soldiers,
They joined the cavalry;
They fought to save their country,
United it yet may be.

One of them, a single man,
His name was Martin House;
The other one was married,
His name I'll tell you now.
Abram Bishop was his name;

He was a christian man;
Two soldiers, they were brave, and
They hailed from Michigan.

When they left their native place,
Their friends to them did say;
"Oh! do not go to war boys,
You'd better with us stay;
For if you join the army,
You never will return
To all your friends that love you,
You never will return."

Young House spoke unto his friends:
"I'd rather go," said he,
"I have no wife and children
To weep and mourn for me.
I hear my country calling
For her sons of liberty,
And I, for one must go, friends,
A coward I cannot be."

"We are not afraid of fighting
The rebels, no, not we;
They're bound to make our country
A place for slaves to be.

Our fathers fought before us,
To gain our liberty,
And we, the sons of freemen,
Must fight to keep it free."

"Farewell, farewell to all our friends
That we may leave behind,
If we do never return,
We pray you bear in mind,
If God sees fit to call us,
We are not afraid to die;
Our country, she is calling,
We must bid you all good bye."

It was in Old Virginia,
Those noble soldiers fell,
In the battle of Hanover town,
As many a man can tell.
They fought through many battles,
Obeyed their captain's call,
Alas! the missles struck them,
And caused them both to fall.

EARLY DAYS OF ROCKFORD

AIR—*"Lucy Long"*

My friends, I pray you listen,
I'll sing a little song,
About the village of Rockford,
It will not take me long;
And how it was first settled
By enterprising men,
And all the news about it,
I'll tell you if I can.

Situated in a wilderness,
With forests all around,
Thirteen miles from Grand Rapids,
Is this florishing town.
On the banks of Rogue river,
Where runs the water still,
And in the early settled days,
Was called Laphamville.

First settled by Smith Lapham,
In eighteen and forty-three,
Then came the Hunter brothers
To keep him company.

Lapham and Hunter Brothers
Built each a shingle mill,
On the banks of Rogue river
Are the same old buildings still.

In the early days of Rockford
They had to run a stage,
They had no other conveyance
To get from place to place.
Now they go by railway,
The cars run night and day;
The early days of Rockford
Have nearly passed away.

GRAND RAPIDS CRICKET CLUB

In Grand Rapids is a handsome club,
  Of men that cricket play,
As fine a set of skillful men
  That can their skill display.
They are the champions of the West,
  They think they are quite fine,
They've won a hundred honors well;
  It is their most cunning design.

Brave Kelso, he's considered great,
  Chief of the club he is found;
Great crowds he draws to see him bowl
  The ball upon the ground.
And Mr. Follet is very brave,
  A lighter player than the rest,
He got struck severe at the fair ground
  For which he took a rest.

When Mr. Dennis does well play,
  His courage is full great,
And accidents to him occur,
  But not much, though, of late.
This ball play is a dangerous game,
  Brave knights to play it though;

Those boys would be the nation's pride,
If they to war would go.

From Milwaukee their club did come,
With thoughts of skill at play,
But beat they was, and then went home—
Had nothing more to say.
Grand Rapids club that cricket play,
Will soon be known afar,
Much prouder do the members stand,
Like many a noble star.

LITTLE HENRY

AIR—*"Minnie Lee"*

Oh! come listen to my story
  Of a little infant child—
His spirit is in glory—
  It has left us for a while.
Death has robbed us of our Henry,
  He is with our Savior now,
Where there is no pain or sorrow
  Comes to cloud his little brow.

CHORUS:

  God has took their little treasure,
    And his name I'll tell you now,
  He has gone from earth forever,
    Their little Charles Henry House.

His cheeks were red as roses,
  And his eyes were black as coals,
His little lips were red as rubies,
  And his little hair it curled.
Oh, they called him little Charley,
  He was full of joyful mirth—

Now his little form is lying
'Neath the cold and silent earth.

It was the eleventh of December,
On a cold and windy day,
Just at the close of evening,
When the sunlight fades away;
Little Henry he was dying,
In his little crib he lay,
With soft winds round him sighing
From the morn till close of day.

Parents, brothers, sisters weeping,
For their cup of sorrow's full,
And his little playthings keeping,
That he thought so beautiful——
Tears from parents' eyes were starting
For their little loving one.
Oh! how painful was the parting
From their little infant son.

Oh! how often have they kissed him,
And caressed his little brow—
To his little voice have listened,
But his place is vacant now.
They called him little Charley,

And his loving name they called,
But they could not keep their darling
From the loving Savior's call.

But they must now cease their mourning,
His little soul is at rest,
Where there can no storms of trouble
Roll across his peaceful breast.
Now his little form is sleeping
In the cold and silent tomb,
And his friends are left a weeping,
In his dear and loving home.

It was the eleventh of December,
Eighteen seventy was the year,
Kind friends will all remember—
Silently let fall a tear.
But we must not trouble borrow,
For the God of heaven is just;
No one knows a parent's sorrow,
Till a child some friend have lost.

BE KIND TO THE LITTLE ONES

AIR—*"He Folds Them on His Bosom"*

Be kind to all little ones,
  All fathers, mothers dear,
Be kind to your little ones,
  Their little hearts to cheer.
For oh! you know not how soon
  Their place will vacant be;
If God should call one to his home,
  Your conscience would be free.

Their little forms are tender,
  They're at your mercy now;
They need your kind attention
  To watch them every hour.
While they are little infants,
  My friends, take time to spare:
Do not forget an instant,
  To give them tender care.

God, he never did intend
  You to misuse your child;
Their little souls to you he sends
  To bless you for awhile.
And if you always will be kind

To them, sweet little ones,
Oh! what a blessing you will find
In after years to come.

You never, never will repent,
Dear friend, for being kind;
Those little ones to you were sent,
And always bear in mind,
That God may call your little ones
And leave you here behind;
Oh! what a happy thought will come—
I always have been kind.

RED RIBBON

The Red Ribbon is all the go;
It's the temperance sign, you know;
It is seen wherever you go,
On men who dare do right.

CHORUS:

Dare to do right,
Dare to do right,
Let your motto ever be
Dare to do right.

It's no disgrace to wear that badge
Of red ribbon, dear youthful lad,
Your mother's heart it will make glad
To see you dare do right.

Young friend, don't fail to sign the pledge,
And don the badge of ribbon red,
And leave some ways you have led,
Always dare do right.

Friends that love you is glad to see
That you can let vile strong drink be;
Their hearts rejoice in highest glee
To see you dare do right.

Three cheers for all red ribbon men,
And also those that is their friend;
God will be with you to the end,
He's ever on the right.

CARRIE MONRO

AIR—*"Belle Mahone"*

Once there was a lady fair,
With black eyes and curly hair,
She has left this world of care,
Sweet Carrie Monro.

CHORUS:

Sweet Carrie Monro,
Dear Carrie Monro,
And her friends will not forget
Sweet Carrie Monro.

Now those friends miss Carrie here,
For she was loved both far and near,
She has left them all in tears,
Sweet Carrie Monro.

Carrie's age was twenty-three,
A married lady, too, was she—
A mournful parting had to be,
From Carrie Monro.

It's just before her spirit fled
Her husband stood by her bed;

"Prove faithful, birdie, to me," said
Sweet Carrie Monro.

Sad will memory pass o'er
That loved form that is no more—
She's waiting on the other shore,
Loved Carrie Monro.

LITTLE MINNIE

AIR—*"In the Cottage by the Sea"*

Come listen to a painful story
A mother is going to tell,
For her heart is over-flowing
For that one she loved so well.
It's of a little infant daughter,
Mild and lovely, bright and fair—
She hsa left this world forever,
Left this world of grief and care.

Chorus—

Alone, all alone
In the grave yard she is sleeping,
That little one we loved so well—
God her little soul is keeping,
For he doeth all things well.

Oh! how sadly we'll remember,
On a bright and pleasant day—
It was the very last of summer
That her spirit fled away;
Fled away from earth forever,
Gone to dwell with Him above,

Where little angels dwell together
In His everlasting love.

Oh! we miss our little Minnie,
With blue eyes and flaxen hair—
Oh, we loved our little Minnie,
And we miss her every where;
Yes, we miss her at the table
Every morning, noon and night,
While she sat with us together,
For she was our heart's delight.

On the twenty-fifth of August,
Eighteen hundred and seventy-three,
God he called her then to leave us,
And a parting had to be.
As the day it was declining,
The sun was down behind the trees,
Little Minnie she was dying,
Her little soul it had to leave.

Left this world of earthly trouble
And her friends that loved her dear,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Her place with them is vacant here.
Her little soul is at rest forever

In our Father's heavenly home,
Her little form is sweetly sleeping
In the cold and silent tomb.

Oh! she was our eldest daughter,
She was handsome to behold—
Every one that knew her loved her,
And her age was four years old.
And we miss her merry laughter,
Through the house she used to roam—
That little one, we'll not forget her
In our dear and loving home.

Oh! how oft-times we have kissed her
And caressed her little form—
God of heaven knows we loved her
From the day that she was born.
On a day of independence,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine,
God he gave to us a present
Of that little girl so fine.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

In the year eighteen seventy-six,
A Fourth of July celebration
Was held in Grand Rapids city
In honor to our nation.
The largest city in the county of Kent,
Is this city, and it is respected,
For thousands of people was here to see
The beautiful arch erected.

The Centennial arch on Campau Place
Was the most principal feature;
It was a grand beautiful sight
To all human sensitive creatures;
To all the people that loved to read
The mottoes on it painted,
The engravings, too, and tell
What each one represented.

The paintings and mottoes on the arch
Was viewed by many people;
It was Colonel Joseph Penney's design,
And his work could not be equalled.
Mr. C. H. Gifford was architect,
He formed the noble structure,

A memento to the Centennial year,
A pride of our nation's culture.

A cabin was built, too, I believe,
That nicely represented

One that the traders built years ago,
This was the only one invented.
Ten thousand people respected it,
This token of early years, with pay;
The honor of this little hut
Was due to Mr. Godfroy.

The stars and stripes was honored, too,
For from a thousand windows waving,
That dear old flag, red, white and blue,
That's loved throughout our nation:
That same flag for one hundred years
Has waved over our nation;
May God let it forever wave
Over our Union celebration.

The people in the city, friends,
Was an honor to our nation,
For they all joined heart and hand
In our Union celebration.
Some gave money, other labor,

To maintain what was intended.
It was a success, some people said,
Who here that day attended.

That day will never be forgot
By the people of Kent county,
God bless the people who joined that day
In the honor of our country.
The people in the city, friends,
Dearly loved this nation,
For they saved no time or expense
In our Centennial celebration.

MARYETTE MYERS

AIR—*"Lily of the West"*

Come all you sympathizing friends, wherever you may be,
I pray you pay attention and listen unto me;
For it's of a fair young lady, she died, she went to rest,
She was called handsome Maryette, the lily of the west.

Her name was Maryette Myers, and her age I do not know,
Her cheeks were red as roses, her eyes were black as sloes;
She was loved by all surrounding friends, and some that loved her best,
They called her handsome Maryette, the lily of the west.

She was a fair young damsel as ever you wish to see,
And in the circle of her friends they miss her company;
They miss the merry laughter of that loved one gone to rest,
They called her handsome Maryette, the lily of the west.

She was before the looking glass, poor girl, her hair to comb,
She was taken blind, she nearly fell, she only gave a moan,
Her friends they caught her in their arms and laid her down to rest,
She was the handsome Maryette, the lily of the west.

She was away from home, and her mother dear had come
To see her darling daughter, her dear loving one;
She left a true lover, a lover with the rest,
That loved this handsome Maryette, the lily of the west.

"She was buried on her wedding day," these words a friend gave,
Her lover went as a mourner, a mourner to her grave,
His name was Forest Dilly, a young man over west,
He loved this handsome Maryette, the lily of the west.

THE DEAR OLD FLAG

Oh! we love that dear old flag,
That our forefathers gave
Over one hundred years ago, boys,
They once stood under that dear flag,
But now they are in their graves,
Sleeping their everlasting sleep, boys.

CHORUS:

The Union forever,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah;
Down with the traitors,
Up with the stars;
For we love that dear old flag
That our fathers fought to save
When they were fighting for our freedom.

We will rally around its standard
Every Fourth day of July,
For we dearly love our nation;
We love to see the stars and stripes
A waving up on high
Over our Union celebration.
Three cheers for the Union

And the red, white and blue,
And our forefathers that formed the constitution;
May the flag forever wave
O'er our native land so true,
May God protect our flag and nation.

LIBBY PRISON

AIR—*"The Soldier's Orphan Boy"*

Down south the Libby prison stood,
The rebel's filthy den;
Rebs in battle prisoners took—
Of course our union men.
And our brave boys, hearty and hale,
To prison had to go,
And few have lived to tell the tale
Of misery and woe.

This prison was a horrid place,
Many brave boys died there,
In rags and filth and wretchedness,
They died for want of care.
Many a brave and noble man,
As he lay sick and sore,
Was thinking of his friends and home
He never would see more.

Fathers, brothers, young husbands dear
Went through that prison door—
Some lived to return home, we hear,
And others are no more.
Many a noble soldier died

LIBBY PRISON

In Libby prison cell,
And comrades perish'd side by side,
As many a man can tell.

No loving hand was near a couch
To bathe an aching head—
No loving friend to watch the hours,
Or soothe their dying bed;
No friend to wipe the fallen tears
From off the dewy face—
No loving kindred was there near
To mark their resting place.

HATTIE HOUSE

AIR—*"Lily Dale"*

Come all kind friends, wherever you may be,
Come listen to what I say,
It's of a little girl that was pleasant to see,
And she died while out doors at play.

CHORUS:

Oh! Hattie, dear Hattie,
Sweet little Hattie House—
May the flowers ever bloom o'er the little tomb,
Of our loved one, Hattie House.

She had blue eyes and light flaxen hair,
Her little heart was light and gay,
She said to her mother, that morning fair,
"Mother, can I go out and play?"

Her mother tied her bonnet on,
Not thinking it would be the last
She would ever see her dear little one
In this world, little Hattie House.

She left the house, this dear little girl,
On that bright and pleasant day—

She went to play with two little girls
That were near about her age.

She was not gone but a little while
When they heard her playmates call—
Her friends hastened there to save the child,
Alas, she was dead and gone.

Those little girls will not forget
The day little Hattie died,
For she was with them when she fell in a fit,
While playing by their side.

She was her parents' only child,
And her age was near six years,
And now she has left them for a while—
Left all her friends in tears.

She has left this world of grief and woe,
Dear friends, she has left behind—
She is waiting on the other shore,
To meet them bye and bye.

One fine morning, the fifth of July,
The summer flowers were in bloom,
Eighteen seventy-one, little Hattie died,
And is sleeping in her tomb.

LITTLE SUSAN

AIR—*"The Pride of Caldair"*

Once there was a little girl
And her friends loved her dear—
Her parents loved their little one,
She did their hearts cheer.
They loved their little darling,
As with them she did roam,
They called her little Susan,
The pride of their home.

Blue eyes had little Susan,
And light flaxen hair,
And she was a pleasant child to see,
So beautiful and fair.
With her parents she will never more
On earth with them roam—
They loved their little Susan,
The pride of their home.

Her parents had more children,
There were nine of them all—
There are eight of them living,
For God but one called.
The flower of their family

God called to his home,
It was their little Susan,
The pride of their home.

Her friends will not forget her,
Though she died years ago—
It was John H. Moore's daughter,
Her age was four years old.
She is waiting in heaven,
Waiting for her friends to come
And be with their little Susan,
The pride of their home.

YOUNG HENRY

AIR—*"Drummer Boy of Waterloo"*

Young Henry was as faithful boy
As ever stood on the American soil,
And he did enlist, without a doubt,
When the rebellion was broke out.

He was his parents' only son,
And only child he was but one,
That was a girl aged seventeen,
Henry called her his May Queen.

Young Henry said, "Dear sister May,
What do you think my friends will say?
For now my name is on the roll,
And I down south will have to go."

"I hear my country's call," said he,
"For all her sons of liberty,
And I, forever, will prove true
To that dear old flag, red, white and blue."

"I love my father and mother dear,
I leave you, May, their hearts to cheer;
When I am gone, pray do not mourn
If I should never return home."

His sister then to him did say,
"My only brother, blithe and gay,
Our country calls, calls from afar;
May God protect you through the war."

Their father hearing all was said,
It made his noble heart grow sad;
"My children, I love both of you,
And yet I love my country, too."

"My son, if I was young again,
I never could at home remain,
And see my native land, now free,
Dissolved and made in slavery."

Young Henry left his father's home,
And left his friends for him to mourn,
A captain of a little band,
He marched away from Michigan.

In the battle of Fredericksburg,
Above the battle roar was heard,
"Fight on! fight on! brave boys," he cried,
"I am shot and wounded, and must die."

They placed his head upon the grass,
So he could see his brave boys pass;

"Go tell my father, Henry's slain
To keep him from the rebel's chain."

They dug his grave beneath that spot,
They wrapped him in his soldier's coat,
And while the battle drums they heard,
They laid him low at Fredericksburg.

ASHTABULA DISASTER

AIR—*"Gently Down the Stream of Time"*

Have you heard of the dreadful fate
  Of Mr. P. P. Bliss and wife?
Of their death I will relate,
  And also others lost their life;
Ashtabula Bridge disaster,
  Where so many people died
Without a thought that destruction
  Would plunge them 'neath the wheel of tide.

CHORUS:

  Swiftly passed the engine's call,
    Hastening souls on to death,
  Warning not one of them all;
    It brought despair right and left.

Among the ruins are many friends,
  Crushed to death amidst the roar;
On one thread all may depend,
  And hope they've reached the other shore.
P. P. Bliss showed great devotion
  To his faithful wife, his pride,

When he saw that she must perish,
He died a martyr by her side.
P. P. Bliss went home above—
Left all friends, earth and fame,
To rest in God's holy love;
Left on earth his work and name.
The people love his work by numbers,
It is read by great and small,
He by it will be remembered,
He has left it for us all.

His good name from time to time
Will rise on land and sea;
It is known in distant climes,
Let it echo wide and free.
One good man among the number,
Found sweet rest in a short time,
His weary soul may sweetly slumber
Within the vale, heaven sublime.

Destruction lay on every side,
Confusion, fire and despair;
No help, no hope, so they died,
Two hundred people over there.
Many ties was there broken,

Many a heart was filled with pain,
Each one left a little token,
For above they live again.

LEAVE OFF THE AGONY IN STYLE

Come all ye good people, listen to me, pray,
While I speak of fashion and style of today;
If you will notice, kind hearts it will beguile,
To keep in fashion and putting on style.

Chorus—

Leave off the agony, leave off style,
Unless you've got money by you all the while,
If you'll look about you you'll often have to smile,
To see so many people putting on style.

People in this country they think it is the best;
They work hard for money and lay it out in dress;
They think of the future with a pleasant smile,
And lay by no money while putting on style.

Chorus—

Some of the people will dress up so fine,
Will go out in company and have a pleasant time.
Will rob themselves of food, perhaps, all the while,
Sake of following fashions and putting on style.

Chorus—

I love to see the people dress neat and clean,
Likewise follow fashions, but not extremes;

Some friends will find it better in future awhile,
To lay by some money while putting on style.

Chorus—

Gentlemen on the jury decides the criminal's fate;
I pray you turn from wickedness before it is too late;
Sad, indeed, would be your friends to hear your name reviled,
Better be truly honest though putting on style.

Chorus—

Leave off the agony, leave off style,
Unless you've got money by you all the while.
If you look about you you'll often have to smile,
To see so many poor people putting on style.

SPRING TIME IS COMING

Beautiful Spring is coming,
Ah, yes, will soon be here,
For the clear bright sun is shining
All human hearts to cheer.
One the brightest gems of nature
Is the orb that o'er us shines,
And o'er the wide creation,
It'll shine to the end of time.

The birds will soon be singing
On shrub and bough of trees,
Their notes will soon be ringing
Out, forth so merrily.
They love the merry spring time,
Those little birds we love,
They love the pleasant sunshine
That comes down from above.

We can hear them sweetly singing
From early morn, till night.
They make music in the woodland
Those little birds; so bright,
We should dearly love them,

Those little harmless things,
And when we hear their music,
We know that it is spring.

Ah; it's pleasant in the springtime,
All nature seems so gay.
Bright flowers in the sunshine,
Sweet fragrance can display.
The hills, and dales, and meadows,
So beautifully covered o'er;
With natures richest verdure,
The green grass, as of yore.

The winter will soon be over,
With its cold and chilly winds.
It is sad and dreary ever,
Yet its dying, free from sin.
Now the springtime is coming,
Ah, yes, will soon be here.
We will welcome in its coming
In this glad new year.

WILLIE'S AND NELLIE'S WISH

Willie and Nellie, one evening sat
By their own little cottage door;
They saw a man go staggering by—
Says Willie, "that's Mr. Lanore;
He is just going home from town, where
He has been in a saloon.
When Maggie and I came from school,
Said Maggie, 'please papa, come home.'

"She asked him again, again, to come home.
At last he got angry, and said:
'Maggie, go home—don't bother me so;
Go home now, and shut up your head.'
Poor girl, she came weeping all the way,
As though her poor heart would break.
She could not play, not a word would say;
With playmates no pleasure could take."

" 'Tis the same child," Willie replied;
"I'm sorry for Maggie Lanore.
I wish her papa would sign the pledge,
And try to be a man once more.
He drinks up all the money he earns,
In whiskey, rum, gin and beer;

His home is a home of poverty,
  Made so by his own career."

Says Nellie, "I wish Mr. Lanore
  Would go to the meeting to-night,
And hear the temperance lecture;
  Then perhaps he would try to do right.
One more little home of happiness,
  Would be in our midst, I am sure;
Then Maggie Lanore could say with joy.
  'My papa don't drink any more.' "

Said Nellie, "I told her never mind,
  We would be her friends evermore;
I hoped her papa would sign the pledge,
  Then he would not drink any more.
Then smiling through her tears, she said,
  'The temperance pledge, you mean;
If papa would sign it, then mamma
  And I will take comfort, I ween.' "

"I wonder," says Nellie, "can it be,
  The same child I saw go to school?
She wore ragged clothes. I saw her toes
  Were peeping out of her old shoes.
She has curly hair, and mild blue eyes;

Can this child be Maggie Lanore?
If it is her, I sincerely wish
Her papa won't drink any more."

THE SOUTHERN SCOURGE

The yellow fever was raging,
Down in the sunny south;
And in many of the cities,
There was a death at every house.
This plague a war was raging,
With the lives of people there;
The young and old were stricken down,
And lay in sad despair.

No comfort, all was misery
In many a southern home.
Where once was peace and quietness,
Now in distress are thrown;
For death the house has visited,
And caused the inmates to mourn
The loss of some dear loving friend,
That on earth no more shall roam.

Some people in delirium,
Have wandered from their home;
Have wandered to a vacant house,
And there have died alone,
With no kind friend to care for them,
Or close their dying eyes.

Oh God! in horrid misery
Hundreds of people died.

There were many whole families
Taken down sick in a day;
With no one to care for them,
In death they passed away.
Their spirits arose to God above,
Where sickness is no more;
Where peace and comfort ever reign,
On Heaven's blissful shore.

There is many a southern city
To-day is filled with woe,
And many of the inhabitants
Have wandered to and fro
To nurse the sick and dying—
The dead for the grave prepare.
They tried to do their duty,
With hearts filled with despair.

The Howard Association
Have been doing all they can,
To keep the "plague" from raging
Throughout the southern land;
They nursed the sick, they fed the poor,

They work both night and day,
This brave band in the southern scourge
Heroic courage display.

This noble band of charity
Have went from house to house,
To ease the sad misery of
The sufferers at the south;
Sad scenes of death and suffering
Each day they must endure,
As in the daily rounds they went
Among the afflicted poor.

The noble northern people
Have helped them all they can,
In money, food and clothing
Which they had at their command;
There is many a southern person
That will bless this Howard band,
For their noble deeds of charity
To the sufferers of their land.

LITTLE CHARLIE HADES

Little Charlie Hades has gone
To dwell with God above,
Where live the little angel throng
In perfect peace and love.
His little spirit now is free,
Free from all earthly pain;
His little form no more can be
In the bright earth again.

His little life was short on earth,
Being but three years old;
His little form so full of mirth,
Now the cold earth enfold.
In her embrace she gently keeps
His form she calls her own,
There sweetly sleeping his last sleep,
Quietly all alone.

His laughing eyes of violet blue,
Are closed in deep repose;
His curly hair of coal black hue,
His little head inclose.
In beauty he was bright and fair,
He was his friends' delight;

They miss his footsteps everywhere,
From morning until night.

That innocent voice full of glee,
On earth is heard no more;
That precious soul from sin is free,
And will be evermore.
His parents mourn for Charlie dear,
Their loving little one;
And oft times they will shed a tear
For their little infant son.

GENTLY ON THE STREAM OF TIME

Gently on the stream of time,
We are floating day by day,
In life's native boats sublime
We soon anchor in the bay.
We'll soon anchor in the haven,
Where the weary are at rest,
In that blissful port called Heaven,
Where are roaming now the blest.

CHORUS:

Be gentle, time be gentle with us,
While we are on life's troubled stream,
May life's foaming billows o'er us
Break away as day serene.

Gently on the stream of time,
We will swiftly glide along,
Till we reach the realm divine,
Then we'll join the heavenly throng,
Where our friends have gone before us
Waiting on the other shore.
In that home they sing in chorus,
"Welcome home the rich and poor."

GENTLY ON THE STREAM OF TIME

Gently on the stream of time,
  We shall shortly pass away,
We shall reach the heavenly clime
  If God's commands we obey.
Gently on the stream of time
  We are going one by one,
Listening to the evening chime
  On life's journey going home.

I WONDER WHERE MY PAPA IS?

I wonder where my papa is,
Oh, where could he have gone,
I wonder why he does not come
And see his Lilly Long.
He would come and sit by me
When the fever burnt my brow,
I wonder where my papa is,
For he comes not near me now.

I hear no more the foot pace
In the hall by my door,
Where he would gently, gently tread
Upon the oaken floor.
His place is vacant by the hearth,
There stands his easy chair;
I hear no more his loving voice
Raising the evening prayer.

The last time I saw my papa dear
Was just *five* days ago,
He took me in his arms and said,
"You are getting better slow,
Thank God, my little Lilly pet
Will soon be well again,

And run about the house and play
With little Nettie Lane."

I wonder where my papa is,
Oh, where could he have gone,
It cannot be he has forgotten
His little Lilly Long.
No, he never would have left me
And mamma without aid;
I *fear* my papa has fallen
A victim of the "plague."

The mother listened to her child,
Her heart filled with pain
To hear her loved one mourn for him
Who would never come again.
Tears were falling from her eyes,
From her bossom heaved a sigh;
Little Lilly asked in wonder,
"Mamma dear, what makes you cry?"

"Dearest Lilly must I tell you
That your papa is no more,
That he cannot come and see you
And caress you as of yore.
He has gone to live with Jesus,

In the heavenly home above,
Where are dwelling the blessed
In God's everlasting love."

Lilly listened to her mother,
She uttered not a sound,
O'er her little pale cheeks softly
Tears began to trinkle down;
At last she sweetly murmured,
"Mamma dear, you and I
Must live so we can meet papa
In Heaven, by and by."

"Yes, my child," the mother answered,
"Your words are very true,
While we live on earth we should keep
The heavenly land in view;
Then bright on earth will be our future,
Bright as a shining star;
We will live in love together,
Till we reach that home afar."

ANDREW JACKSON

On the life of Andrew Jackson,
Now dear people I will write,
And in sketches, I will tell you
His career with great delight.
His career on earth is ended;
But his name is ever bright,
And his memory is cherished
As a great glorious knight.

The early life of Andrew Jackson,
Its marked in high renown,
As a lover of his country
He proved steadfastly profound,
Through kind teaching of his mother,
That patriot lady brave;
His mind strengthened by her wisdom,
Ere she sank into her grave.

Ah, in manhood, Andrew Jackson,
Was a daring fearless man;
With a strong iron will commanding,
He was loved throughout our land.
He was kind and generous hearted
In his military acts,

Yet was stubborn, while commanding,
And no courage did he lack.

At middle age, Andrew Jackson
Was a noble warlike man,
And was capable of handling
The army at his command.
You can see it by the battles
Of his Indian campaign,
Or the battle of New Orleans,
Where so many men were slain.

The dauntless energy of Jackson,
Oh, should never be forgot,
Or the battle of New Orleans,
Where he diligently fought.
Where he fought to save his country,
From the British fleets of fame;
Through coolness and courage
The victory he did gain.

As commander, Andrew Jackson
Was a soldier of great skill,
And he nobly done his duty
To his country, with good will.
Yet in life his acts were censured,

Ah, by men both great and small.
One the acts that made him trouble
Was the arresting of Judge Hall.

Oh, that act cost Andrew Jackson
Many heart pang in after life,
For he thought it was his duty
In that hard cruel strife
That his soldiers should obey him
And fulfill every command,
As he knew no other method,
He could save his native land.

The people loved Andrew Jackson,
"Old Hickory" was their friend.
As a President o'er our country
He proved faithful to the end.
His career on earth was ended
Eighteen Forty Five; is seen
As a star his name is shining
The "hero" of "New Orleans."

LITTLE LIBBIE

One more little spirit to Heaven has flown,
To dwell in that mansion above,
Where dear little angels, together roam,
In God's everlasting love.

One little flower has withered and died,
A bud near ready to bloom,
Its life on earth is marked with pride;
Oh, sad it should die so soon.

Sweet little Libbie, that precious flower
Was a pride in her parents' home,
They miss their little girl *every* hour,
Those friends that are left to mourn.

Her sweet silvery voice no more is heard
In the home where she once roamed;
Her place is *vacant* around the hearth,
Where her friends are mourning lone.

They are mourning the loss of a little girl,
With black eyes and auburn hair,
She was a treasure to them in this world,
This beautiful child so fair.

LITTLE LIBBIE

One morning in April, a short time ago,
Libbie was active and gay;
Her Saviour called her, she had to go,
E're the close of that pleasant day.

While eating dinner, this dear little child
Was choked on a piece of beef.
Doctors came, tried their skill awhile,
But none could give relief.

She was ten years of age, I am told,
And in school stood very high.
Her little form now the earth enfolds,
In her embrace it must ever lie.

Her friends and schoolmates will not forget
Little Libbie that is no more;
She is waiting on the shining step,
To welcome home friends once more.

CROQUET BY MOONLIGHT

On a moonlight evening, in the month of May,
A number of young people were playing at croquet,
They mingled together, the bashful with the gay,
And had a pleasant time and chat, while playing at croquet.

CHORUS:

This play they call croquet, croquet,
This play they call croquet,
It is amusement for the young,
This play they call croquet.

On that pleasant evening, the moon shone clear and bright,
And every heart among that crowd was filed with great delight.

It was a merry party, for lady Dell was there,
Her merry laugh above the rest was heard by all, so fair.

CHORUS: This play, etc.

She was the belle that evening, admired by great and small,

And all the boys liked to play with the girl and blue ball.
She was a splendid player, so lively and so gay,
For she was skilled in playing that pleasant game croquet.

CHORUS: This play, etc.

Two young men among them, that loved this pretty Dell;
Although I write about them, their names I will not tell.
They were fine young fellows, so bashful, and yet so gay;
They tried to beat the girl that with the blue ball play.

CHORUS: This play, etc.

Ah! with those handsome fellows, Dell thought she'd have some fun,
"The one of you that'll catch me, may see me safely home."
The play began in earnest, between those fine young men,
To catch the girl with the blue ball, was impossible for them.

CHORUS: This play, etc.

She went around the play-ground, so full of life and gay,
She left them at the farther arch, so she beat them at croquet.
It was late that evening, and as I went away,
I know not how they came out, in that pleasant game, croquet.

CHORUS: This play, etc.

So croquet by moonlight is pleasant, as you see,
For business cares were laid aside, in that little company.
So playing at croquet, croquet, so playing at croquet,
It is amusement for the young folks, this play of croquet.

CHORUS: This play, etc.

FOURTH OF JULY

Fourth of July, how sweet it sounds,
As every year it rolls around.
It brings *active* joy to boy and man,
This glorious day throughout our land.

We hail this day with joy and pride,
And speak of our forefathers who died;
Who fought for liberty in days of yore,
And drove the British from our shore.

We, as descendants of that race,
Should not now our land disgrace.
Arise, freeman, arise *once* more,
Be earnest as in the days of yore.

THE FLAG

See the glorious stars and stripes,
Floating over there;
See how gracefully they wave
In the summer air.
We love to see that starry flag,
Wave in peace with ease,
And its colors, red, white and blue,
Unfurled to the breeze.

God grant that flag may ever wave
O'er our native land,
Where sons of freemen are united
In a happy band,
To celebrate the glorious Fourth,
The day we should adore;
Hail each anniversary day,
Now and evermore.

Our fathers fought beneath that flag
In the days of yore,
To gain their freedom from British laws,
Which they could not endure.
The cry was then for liberty,
On land and on sea;

They gained the glorious victory—
Our country now is free.

The land of Columbia's sons,
To-day is filled with joy;
Every heart should beat as one,
In the blessings we enjoy.
We should love our native land,
Where our fathers died,
We should keep the country free—
The early pilgrim's pride.

See the glorious stars and stripes,
Waving over there,
See the starry emblem, friends,
Floating in the air.
Proud it waves o'er our land,
Where it has waved for years,
May every freeman greet that flag
With three rousing cheers.

"A DEPARTED FRIEND"

He is sleeping, sounding sleeping
In the cold and silent tomb.
He is resting, sweetly resting
In perfect peace, all alone.

He has left us, God bereft us,
And his will must e'er be done,
It will grieve us, and bereave us
To think of this noble son.

While on earth he done his duty,
To all his fellow men,
Some will miss him in his office,
Where he often used the pen.

He was witty, always happy,
Kind and genial in his way;
He was generous in his actions,
And his honor could display.

He has held many an office,
And has done his duty well;
And his name will be remembered
By the friends that knew him well.

Friends are weeping, softly weeping,

In his kind and loving home;
Let him slumber, sweetly slumber,
Till God calls him from the tomb.

THE BURIAL IN THE SNOW

How well do I remember
Of a burial in the snow,
On a winter's evening
Some fifteen years ago;
The ground was covered over
With the beautiful crystal snow,
And it glistened in the moonlight,
Like diamonds all aglow.

It was a pleasant evening,
That merry Christmas eve;
And I never can forget, how
The frost hung on the tree.
The moon was shining clearly,
And the sleigh-bells rang so sweet;
Ah, it was splendid sleighing,
The snow was two feet deep.

My grandparents were living
Some two miles then away,
My parents went to see them,
To spend the holiday.
I went with my kind parents,
For the evening was sublime,

To see dear aunts and uncles,
And have a merry time,

I saw the beaming faces
Of my grandparents dear,
As they met us on the door-step,
With welcome words of cheer.
In fancy I can see them
As in the days of yore,
When they welcome home their children
Through the old familiar door.

The banquet board that evening,
Was filled with cake and wine,
Delicious fruits and oysters
That came from foreign clime.
It was a merry party
That met once more to roam,
My grandparents were happy,
Their children were all home.

Grandpapa said, "dear children,
Lay the tea things aside,
And some of you get ready
To take a pleasant ride.
The moon is shining clearly,

The evening is sublime,
O'er the crystal snow we'll glide,
And have a jolly time."

Hats and cloaks were soon put on,
By those who wish to go,
They were wrapped up snug and warm,
For a sleigh ride o'er the snow.
Their hearts were light and gleeful,
They rode away with ease,
I never can forget them,
Or that merry Christmas eve.

On that beautiful evening,
They rode five miles away,
O'er hills, and dales, and frozen snow,
With prospects bright and gay.
They came to their journey's end,
And soon were homeward bound,
A more joyous, happy band
Was nowhere to be found,

The merry sleigh bells ringing
Out on the midnight air,
And merry voices singing
All "right side up with care!"

THE BURIAL IN THE SNOW

The horses were high-spirited,
They ran away, and lo!
Broke loose from the sleigh, and left
It buried in the snow.

The people of that party
Lay scattered all around,
Some were frightened, others laughed,
To think it happened so,
That the end of their sleigh ride
Was a burial in the snow.

Yet they were gay and happy,
The bright moon o'er them shone,
And laughing o'er their sleigh ride,
They all went trudging home.
Some of those friends are dead and gone,
That met in that old home,
And never will we meet again,
Around that dear hearth stone.

TO MY FRIENDS AND CRITICS

Come all you friends and critics,
  And listen to my song,
A word I will say to you,
  It will not take me long,
The people talks about me,
  They've nothing else to do
But to criticise their neighbors,
  And they have me now in view.

Perhaps they talk for meanness,
  And perhaps it is in jest,
If they leave out their freeness
  It would suit me now the best,
To keep the good old maxim
  I find it hard to do,
That is to do to others
  As you wish them do to you.

Perhaps you've read the papers
  Containing my interview;
I hope you kind good people
  Will not believe it true.
Some Editors of the papers
  They thought it would be wise

TO MY FRIENDS AND CRITICS

To write a column about me,
So they filled it up with lies.

The papers have ridiculed me
A year and a half or more.
Such slander as the interview
I never read before.
Some reporters and editors
Are versed in telling lies.
Others it seems are willing
To let industry rise.

The people of good judgment
Will read the papers through,
And not rely on its truth
Without a candid view.
My first attempt at literature
Is the "Sweet Singer" by name,
I wrote that book without a thought
Of the future, or of fame.

Dear Friends, I write for money,
With a kind heart and hand,
I wish to make no Enemies
Throughout my native land.
Kind friends, now I close my rhyme,

And lay my pen aside,
Between me and my critics
I leave you to decide.

SKETCH OF LORD BYRON'S LIFE

"Lord Byron" was an Englishman
A poet I believe,
His first works in old England
Was poorly received.
Perhaps it was "Lord Byron's" fault
And perhaps it was not.
His life was full of misfortunes,
Ah, strange was his lot.

The character of "Lord Byron"
Was of a low degree,
Caused by his reckless conduct,
And bad company.
He sprung from an ancient house,
Noble, but poor, indeed.
His career on earth, was marred
By his own misdeeds.

Generous and tender hearted,
Affectionate by extreme,
In temper he was wayward,
A poor "Lord" without means;
Ah, he was a handsome fellow
With great poetic skill,

His great intellectual powers
He could use at his will.

He was a sad child of nature,
Of fortune and of fame;
Also sad child to society,
For nothing did he gain
But slander and ridicule,
Throughout his native land.
Thus the "poet of the passions,"
Lived, unappreciated, man.

Yet at the age of 24,
"Lord Byron" then had gained
The highest, highest, pinacle
Of literary fame.
Ah, he had such violent passions
They was beyond his control,
Yet the public with its justice,
Sometimes would him extol.

Sometimes again "Lord Byron"
Was censured by the press,
Such obloquy, he could not endure,
So he done what was the best.
He left his native country,

This great unhappy man;
The only wish he had, " 'tis said,"
He might die, sword in hand.

He had joined the Grecian Army;
This man of delicate frame;
And there he died in a distant land,
And left on earth his fame.
"Lord Byron's" age was 36 years,
Then closed the sad career,
Of the most celebrated "Englishman"
Of the nineteenth century.

CHRISTMAS

Hail the coming holiday,
With a hearty joyous feast,
And drive away sorrow, friends,
For a day or two at least;
Lay all business cares aside,
And make the world resound,
With music and festivals
Throughout our merry town.

May every person in our land
A voice to heaven raise,
And welcome in Christ's birthday,
With everlasting praise;
Praise Him who died upon the cross,
Our sinning souls to save,
The great Redeemer, Christ our lord,
That dwells beyond the grave.

We should meet in reverence,
And God's commands obey,
And make each other happy
Throughout the holiday;
And not forget the orphans,
The aged or the blind,

The rich, the poor and needy,
To each one pray be kind.

May every parent in the land,
Hail Christmas day with joy,
And not forget a present for
Their little girls and boys;
They are looking forth anxiously,
For Santa Claus to come
And fill their little stockings,
With toys and sugar-plumbs.

God grant a merry Christmas eve
And happy Christmas day,
To every person in the land,
At home or far away.
That festive day will soon be here,
Alas, will soon be o'er;
Welcome, welcome the coming of
Christmas day once more.

UNFORTUNATE

Fold her hands upon her breast,
And let her sweetly sleep.
She has found a perfect rest,
Beneath her winding sheet.

Her weary limbs are now at rest,
And free from toil and pain;
Her weary soul from earth has left,
But in Heaven lives again.

Death has closed her mild blue eyes,
That once was full of mirth,
Her lovely form once full of life,
Will now return to earth.

Touch her gently, let her lie,
This forsaken girl forlorn;
Tears *may* fall from strangers' eyes,
O'er her silent form.

She was a poor erring girl,
A wanderer alone,
Friends she had none in this world,
Nor a place she could call home.

She's found a home bright and fair

In that world above,
Angels dwell together there,
In perfect peace and love,

Place her gently in her grave,
And let her sweetly sleep.
Judge her not; for he who gave
Her life, her soul will keep.

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY

Come all ye friends, and citizens,
Where-ever you may be,
Come listen to a few kind words
A friend will say to thee,
Although going to speak to you
I mean you all no harm,
Tho' I wish you'd join the army
Of the temperance reform.

Come join the glorious army
Of the temperance reform,
And every man that joins the ranks,
Will find it is no harm,
To wear Red Ribbon on his breast,
To show to this rare world,
There is one that joined the army
And his colors has unfurled.

Come all men in our nation,
Come join this happy band,
And make your homes an eden,
Throughout our happy land.
Your homes will then be happy,
Your friends will all be kind;

And in the domestic circle
  True happiness will find.

Ah, from this temperance army,
  Your feet shall never stray.
Your mind will then be balmy
  If you keep the shining way.
Your paths are strewn with flowers,
  And your homes are rosy light,
And God will watch the hours,
  For He-s ever on the right.

Come all ye merry happy lads,
  And listen to my rhyme.
Don't be afraid to join the pledge
  And let be the cursed wine.
Ah, lay the flowing bowl aside,
  And pass saloons if you can,
And let the people see that you
  Can be a sober man.

Go join the temperance army,
  And battle for the right,
And fight against the enemy
  With all your main and might.
For it is a glorious army

This temperance reform,
And the badge Red Ribbon
Will do you all no harm.

NEW YEAR

Farewell to the old year forever,
And all its sorrows and care
We'll bury in our hearts, and endeavor
New troubles and trials to bear.

The old year has gone with its sadness,
In oblivion to dwell evermore;
The new year will come with its gladness,
To welcome the rich and the poor.

Ah, welcome the new year with pleasure,
And welcome home friends, that is dear;
Be happy and joyful together,
And greet each happy new year.

Some people will meet in sadness,
For death has entered their home,
And robbed them of joy and gladness,
And left them forsaken and lone.

Young people not meet it in sorrow,
For their hearts are blithesome and gay,
Trouble will come with to-morrow,
So let them be happy to-day.

Farewell to the old year forever;
  Lay its sorrows aside with a tear.
Think of the future; and endeavor
  To greet each happy new year.

LOST AND FOUND

In a southern city lived a wealthy family;
In a southern city was the happy home
Of a father and mother and a little daughter.
In peace and contentment they lived alone.

But one summer evening there happened a misfortune,
Which caused the parents to weep and mourn,
For this little daughter, a loving little treasure,
Was a poor little wanderer far, far from home.

It happened thus,—the mother went out calling
On a widow friend, who lived all alone;
She left her little daughter in the care of her father,
And through his neglect she wandered from home.

The father rocked his child, till her eyes closed in slumber;
Thought he to himself, I'll go over across the way,
And see a neighbor friend; he'll be there this evening,
And I *must* see him before he goes away.

He left his little one, he supposed, sweetly sleeping
In her little cradle, in the house alone,
And in his great hurry he left the gate ajar;

This thoughtlessness caused destruction to his home.

Soon after he was gone she awoke from her slumber,
Poor child, she then found herself all alone,
For no one was there, no one heard her weeping
As she wandered away far, far from home.

She wandered along on the busy thoroughbare,
No one seemed to notice this little one alone;
She wandered down Broadway till the little feet were tired,
This poor little wanderer far away from home.

At last, getting weary, she sat down on the pavement,
And soon fell asleep, so tired had she grown;
In her troubled sleep she would softly murmur, papa;
This poor little lost one so far away from home.

A policeman came along and saw her sweetly sleeping,
On the pavement at midnight alone.
He gently picked her up and took her to the station,
This poor little wanderer far away from home.

He advertised, but could not find her parents;
At last he took her to the orphan home,
Where she lived till a farmer in the country

Took her to live with him, this wanderer alone.

The father died o'er the loss of his daughter,
The mother sought for her three years alone;
At last she found her with kind people in the country,
Her poor little wanderer far away from home.

Kind people can imagine the joy of the mother,
When she found her little loving one.
"Oh God," exclaimed the mother, "I have found my little Alice,
My poor little wanderer far away from home.

ADVICE TO LITTLE CHILDREN

Bless those little children
  That love to go to school;
Blessed be the children
  That obey the golden rule.
Children, love your parents,
  For they have cared for you;
When you were little infants
  They watched and prayed for you.

CHORUS:

  Bless those little children
    That go to Sabbath school,
  For they hear of Jesus,
    And learn the golden rule.

Prayed that you might some day
  Give a pleasant smile,
Be a comfort in their old age,
  And be a loving child.
Now my little children,
  Be cheerful in your song,
And make your home an Eden,
  For all the day long.

Chorus—

Love your little school-mates,
Be gentle in your play,
Be kind to your teachers,
And their commands obey.

Oh! then you will be happy
In the bright world to come,
For then your friends will love you
Forever, little ones.

CHILDREN'S REPLY

We are little children,
That go to Sabbath school,
To hear of our Redeemer,
Likewise the golden rule.
We will try and do our duty,
To friends and parents dear,
We will try and do our duty,
Their loving hearts to cheer.

CHORUS:

We are little children,
That love to go to school,
We love to hear of Jesus,
And learn the golden rule.

We will love our parents,
With all our little hearts;
Yes, we will obey them,
We will not from duty part,

For oh, we know they love us,
Though wayward we may be—
Their heart it never changes,
From our little infancy.

CHILDREN'S REPLY

We will love our schoolmates,
  Likewise our teacher, dear,
For loving words of kindness
  From them we often hear.
And we will not forget them,
  Those friends so kind and true,
For in the ten commandments
  They tell us what to do.

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE

The great Chicago Fire, friends,
Will never be forgot;
In the history of Chicago
It will remain a darken spot.
It was a dreadful horrid sight
To see that City in flames;
But no human aid could save it,
For all skill was tried in vain.

In the year of 1871,
In October on the 8th,
The people in that City, then
Was full of life, and great.
Less than four days it lay in ruins,
That garden City, so great
Lay smouldering in ashes,
In a sad and pitiful state.

It was a sad, sad scene indeed,
To see the fire arise,
And hear the crackling of the flames
As it almost reached the skies,
And sadder still, to hear the moans,
Of people in the flames

Cry for help, and none could get,
Ah, die where they remained.

To see the people run for life;
Up and down the blazing streets,
To find then, their escape cut off
By the fiery flaming sheets,
And others hunting for some friend
That perhaps they never found,
Such weeping, wailing, never was known,
For a thousands miles around.

Some people were very wealthy
On the morning of the 10th.
But at the close of the evening,
Was poor, but felt content,
Glad to escape from harm with life
With friends they loved so well,
Some will try to gain more wisdom,
By the sad sight they beheld.

Five thousand people were homeless,
Sad wanderers in the streets,
With no shelter to cover them,
And no food had they to eat.
They wandered down by the lake side,

Lay down on the cold damp ground,
So tired and weary and homeless,
So the rich, the poor, was found.

Mothers with dear little infants,
Some clinging to the breast.
People of every description
All laid down there to rest,
With the sky as their covering,
Ah, pillows they had none.
Sad, oh sad, it must have been,
For those poor homeless ones.

Neighboring Cities sent comfort,
To the poor lone helpless ones,
And God will not forget them
In all the years to come.
Now the City of Chicago
Is built up anew once more,
And may it never be visited
With such a great fire no more.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC†

†This defense of *The Sentimental Song Book* was written by Mrs. Moore in 1878, and published in a book hearing the title, *A Few Choice Words to the Public, With New and Original Poems* (Grand Rapids: C. M. Loomis, 1878). It is important, not only as a reply to some of the hostile reviews of her work, but also as a statement of Mrs. Moore's poetical philosophy. The exact form of the treatise has been retained.

DEAR READERS:—I wrote that little volume of poems without a thought of the future or what the public would think of me. I have found to my sorrow that the public *thinks* I am a fool. I was very foolish, I admit, in signing my original name to that little book, when a ficticious name would have done just as well. And another foolish act was when I told where I resided. But it is done and cannot be helped, and now I must stand the abuse of the press to pay me for my thoughtlessness. Very few people get through this world without committing *some* act they are sorry for afterwards. If I were the *only* one in this world who had committed an error I should go wild over what I have done. While writing the poems in that little book I never thought of the future or of fame. I wrote them to please a *few* intimate friends, and thus kept writing one after another till I had quite a collection, and through the ardent desire of friends I concluded to have them published. I wrote *some* of those poems when quite young, and I had them published just as they were written. I wished for something different from all literary work, something to catch the public eye, and I think I have it in that little book. Its rare combination has

caused a great many literary people to laugh at my ignorance, yet at the *same* time, some of them could not help thinking that the sentiments were good, although so rarely constructed in poetry. That little book reminds me of what I have heard said about my uncle when a boy while learning music. He had been learning a very difficult piece of music. He had learned it so he could play it quite well. He said to the professor, "what do you *think* of it." The gentleman smiled and said, "my boy, the work is well laid, but it needs a little more filling." Now, dear readers, that is just what is the trouble with my little book. It needs a little more filling. Poetry, in its high perfection, is thought, feeling, imagination and music expressed in versification. The individual that can, with science, combine these four properties together in good moral sense, and make it beneficial to mankind, is indeed a true poet. Literary is a work very difficult to do. It needs to be thoroughly studied to make it as it should be. There are two different fountains from which inspiration flows to the writer, the intellect and the heart, thought and feeling. Thought makes the best artist, has greater forethought, a wiser command of means, gives greater completeness, higher finish. But the heart has a power even greater than this; a power of life and soul, swaying the entire human sympathy and action. It has more freshness, more originality, more sincerity. Its highest influence is more enduring, and it effects the human mind and draws the soul of one being nearer to another, and nearer to Him who gave it. Thought sees truth and reveals it, or often conceals

it. Heart feels truth itself, and, with a generous fullness of eloquence all its own, to which no force feeling can ever attain, compel conviction. Many a highly polished, classic sonnet, lies in cold neglect on the library shelf, while the humble ballad, full of true natural feeling, is preserved in affectionate living remembrance. It is read and appreciated. What a person writes from intellect *only* may be foreign to his own life, a work wholly artificial. It is a work of the *head* alone. It may be very skillfully formed, quite faultless in tone, it may be successful in its way, but the soul and spirit will be wanting to make the work elegant. What is written from the heart must have the same coloring as the character of the writer. True natural feeling flows freely from the innermost nature and carries with it some of the inherent force of truth. Where both powers are called into action, where a strong intellect plans and a noble and generous heart works, there we may look for a great literary work. Thus imitation can never attain the highest and most elegant product. Genius is something nature gives to all human beings. Some people use it one way, some another, some abuse it, others apply it in its high perfection. Genius, with science applied to all work, either manual or mental, is indeed highly beneficial to all mankind. The youth of to-day may become *great* with the aid of industry and truth. Without these two properties we cannot accomplish any thing of true merit. Merit is gained only by our endeavors, and we should try at all times to accomplish that which is beneficial to ourselves and the rising generation. The hour

when our young people leave their comfortable homes to enter the cares of life often forms a crisis in their careers. It is a period to which they have looked forward with large hopes, and to which they will look back in all their *future* career with deep interest. They are now called to act for themselves, to stand alone. Parents' arms no longer sustain them, their mother's love no longer shields them; but from homes of affection and quiet they venture out into the cold and stormy world, where fierce temptations will assail and bitter trial may await them. Much, very much, depends on their earliest impressions, their first steps, for these will shape their paths and affect their character to the end. We should not cause any act of ours to mar their career or sadden their lives. We should help to sustain them in all their good works and by so doing we will be fulfilling one of the best offices to humanity. We should live peacefully together and work our way up honestly and industriously until we gain the height of distinction, for no one will give us wealth or fame without working for it. We should not trouble ourselves about our neighbors' affairs, but let every one do as they please. It is all we can do to clean the weeds from our own garden, yet how often we look in our neighbor's and see the weeds growing and think if they were in ours we would pull them up and in their place plant flowers. Now, dear readers, perhaps you have seen a few persons *weeding* in my *literary* garden. I *think* when they have finished there will be but little left for me to do. Some newspapers have ridiculed me as being a farmer's wife. Readers,

I *am* a farmer's wife and I'm honored by the name. People with good sense will not say aught against the farmers, for they are the fountain and source of all national and foreign commerce. If it were not for the farmers what would the people in the cities do. Commerce would be affected to a great degree. The people may have *money* but it would be of no use to them. I have heard some young men say, "I would not be a farmer for anything." Suppose all young men should say so. What would become of the world? It would go down to degradation. People would die for want of food. No, we want more farmers and less lawyers, then this country would prosper and soon be able to pay her great debt. Education is needed; it enriches the mind and decorates the person with something the world can not take from us. Education is required in farming as well as in any other occupation. *Some* young men of to-day would find it very profitable in the future if they would become farmers and till the beautiful land we inherited from our fathers. There are thousands of acres waiting for the ax and the plow. Our forefather, George Washington, and likewise Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster and several others I could mention, were farmers and they became famous, and some of them (as we all know) arose to be President of our nation. Yet some of them after living in the "White House" returned to the farm. Yes, after being in the highest office in the country took farming as their choice; and were they thought any the less of for being farmers? Were their wives thought any the less of for being mere farmers' wives? They

were industrious; and what is that raises young people from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to never-dying fame; what, but industry? Sons and daughters may be born of humble parents and in obscure circumstances; born in some narrow and obscure corner of the earth; are they compelled to stay there? Did Providence mean they should raise no higher? We think not; they may become great and good by their own endeavors in industry. Industry is the handmaid to wealth, and honest wealth cannot be gained without her assistance. Every important work requires certain mental and moral qualifications in the agency employed. The greatest work of to-day is the temperance work. The theologists are industriously working for the reformation in man, and for the benefit of the little ones in our midst, whose tender ages need a kind and loving father to guide their youthful footsteps in the paths of honest industry and truth. May they keep working until reformation is truly gained throughout our land, then we would have truly a happy land, and all the little children that have parents would have a happy home, and Willie and Nellie would have their wish.*

*See the poem, "Willie's and Nellie's Wish."